

TORTURING TWINGES

Much so-called rheumatism is caused by weakened kidneys. When the kidneys fail to clear the blood of uric acid, the acid forms into crystals like bits of broken glass in the muscles, joints and on the nerve casings. Torturing pains dart through the affected part whenever it is moved. By curing the kidneys, Doan's Kidney Pills have eased thousands of rheumatic cases, lumbago, sciatica, gravel, neuralgia and urinary disorders.

A COLORADO CASE
John T. Beaulieu, 340 Johnson St., Trinidad, Colo., says: "I was helpless in bed for three months with rheumatism. When I did get up, I had to use crutches. Backache and rheumatic pains. I had trouble with my kidneys. After doctoring unsuccessfully, I got Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured the terrible pain. I have been able to work every day since. I feel like a different man."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

FREE TO ALL SUFFERERS.

If you feel "out of sorts," run down, or get the blues, suffer from indigestion, headache, nervousness, or any of the many ailments that result from a weak stomach, you will find relief in the use of **DOAN'S** **STOMACH** **PILLS**. They are the most effective medicine ever written. It tells all about these pills and how to use them. Write for it today. It is free to all sufferers. Address: **DOAN'S** **STOMACH** **PILLS**, **NEW** **YORK**, **N.Y.**

Sioux City Directory

"Hub of the Northwest"
FOR BEST SERVICE SHIP
RICE BROTHERS
Live Stock Commission Merchants at
SIOUX CITY, Chicago or Kansas City

Splitting Even.
Visitor—Peter, I hear you've had four wives.
Peter—Yes, sir; an' what's more, two uv 'em was all right—Judge.

RED, ROUGH HANDS MADE SOFT AND WHITE

For red, rough, chapped and bleeding hands, dry, fissured, itching, burning palms, and painful finger-ends, with shapeless nails, a one-night Cuticura treatment works wonders. Directions: Soak the hands, on retiring, in hot water and Cuticura Soap. Dry, anoint with Cuticura Ointment, and wear soft bandages or old, loose gloves during the night. These pure, sweet and gentle emollients preserve the hands, prevent redness, roughness and chapping, and impart in a single night that velvety softness and whiteness so much desired by women. For those whose occupations tend to injure the hands, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are wonderful.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free with 32-p. Skin Book. Address postcard "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Fine Old Sailor.

Lord John Hay, the oldest British naval officer, has just completed his eighty-sixth year. Like many of our old sailors he has had a stirring career, not the least interesting incident in which being the fact that he was the first British subject to administer the government of Cyprus. He took possession of the island after the convention of 1878, and remained in charge until the arrival of Lord Wolseley, the first high commissioner. Lord John entered the navy two years after Queen Victoria ascended the throne, and became an admiral of the fleet a quarter of a century ago.

The Shopper.

Lady of Leisure (discarding the fifth cloth she has tried on)—No, it's not a bit of use. I knew when I came to this shop that you would have nothing to suit me.—London Opinion.

Trimming.

Mrs. Bailey—Hats are to be simply trimmed this year.
Bailey—How about husbands?
Mrs. Bailey—Simply trimmed also.—Judge.

All Depend.

"How are we fixed for war?"
"Well, in the newspapers we look pretty good, but in the magazines we look rather bad."

Last year 144 tree-planting societies planted 2,276,000 trees in Norway

Breakfast Sunshine

Post Toasties

and Cream

There's a delicious snack in these crisp, appetizing bits of toasted corn that brings brightness and good cheer to many and many a breakfast table.

Toasties are untouched by hand in making; and come in tightly sealed packages—clean and sweet—ready to eat with cream and sugar.

Wholesome Nourishing Easy to Serve

Sold by grocers everywhere.

THE REAL FRA DIAVOLO

DESERVED BY MEN, BETRAYED BY HIS PHYSICIAN.

Memoirs of Gen. Hugo Tell Story of Campaign Against the Brigand Who Fought for Bourbons Against Napoleon.

General Hugo's memoirs tell the story of his campaign against Fra Diavolo, alias Michael Pessa, the Italian brigand who fought for the Bourbons against Napoleon. The general transforms his adversary into a kind of hero and puts his personal prowess in such a dramatic light that his son, the poet Victor Hugo, found it necessary to add little or nothing to the account to raise it to the level of an epic. However, M. Jacques Rambaud publishes in the Revue de Paris some new documents which reduce this campaign to more prosaic proportions. These documents are the very letters written by Commandant Hugo, the future general, to Caesar Berthier, his commander-in-chief, as well as the formal report of his operations drawn up at Naples on November 4, 1808.

In his memoirs Hugo from the outset affects a wonderful confidence; his letters prove that he was mightily perplexed how to deal with an enemy with whom the whole population was in sympathy, and he frankly confesses that in the work of conquest he looks rather to bribery and treachery than to force of arms.

His memoirs describe a real battle, the fight at Isclano, in which his soldiers are represented as making 30 prisoners after killing or drowning hundreds of brigands. His letters are more modest and speak only of a skirmish in which "several" brigands were killed and only six were taken prisoners. There is, too, in these letters nothing about the shot in his right leg which he afterward mentions in his memoirs; on the contrary, he seems to have moved about with remarkable agility.

This does not mean that the campaign against the famous brigand was not decidedly strenuous, but the military operations would have been singularly fruitless and Fra Diavolo would have continued to range the country for many years had he not been deserted by his men and in his solitary condition recognized by a village doctor, who won his confidence and betrayed him.

Hugo assures us in his memoirs that he interceded with King Joseph to grant Fra Diavolo a pardon. There is no evidence of this and it is not very likely. How could he have had the face to claim that this captured brigand should be treated as a prisoner of war when from his own showing he was a man more celebrated for crimes than for deeds of military daring, more accustomed to take a flight than to stand his ground and fight? He compared him, indeed, with Mandrin and Cartouche. That means that the hangman's rope was too good for him.

The Ready Cody.

The late Col. Samuel F. Cody, England's once successful aviator, was an American; and Cody in his youth led an eventful life as showman, sharpshooter, circus tumbler and what-not.

Cody once exhibited, as a side-show feature of a circus, a Tartary wild horse. "Here you are, gents," he shouted from his side-show platform. "Here you are—the only genuine wild horse of Tartary. A purse of \$10 is offered to anybody who can stick on his back."

There were no aspirants for the purse, and Cody continued:

"If any gentleman here can stick on his back thirty seconds I'll give him the ten-dollar purse and the wild horse besides, by jingo. The animal's unridable. I've had years of equestrian practice, and he shakes me off in ten seconds."

"Ever try gittin' inside 'im?" shouted a yokel.

"Yes, I've tried that, friend," Cody replied, "but his mouth ain't quite as big as yours."

"The Cut-Flower Express."

American railway trains often bear amusing or picturesque names, but no American "special" or "limited" bears such a poetic name as that of a train that runs every day in the year between Toulon and Paris. This train is called the "rapide des fleurs"—which we may translate "the cut-flower express."

The train carries nothing but cut flowers, which are shipped in baskets and pasteboard boxes for the Paris market. You can buy the violets of Hyeres, the roses and carnations of Antibes and the Roman hyacinths of Ouhoules and Carqueiranne at the flower stalls of Paris eighteen hours after they were gathered on the shores of the Mediterranean.

A considerable quantity of these flowers go also to Germany and Belgium, and some are sent as far as Vienna and St. Petersburg. A special train crew handles the packages and sorts them as mail clerks sort the mails. The "cut-flower express" runs at high speed and is nearly always on time.—Youth's Companion.

New Tribe in New Guinea.

Having returned to England after an expedition into the heart of New Guinea, Rev. Cecil Hall, formerly of Jamaica, described to a reporter some of his discoveries in a hitherto unexplored country.

"After several days' journey," he said, "I came into the region of the cannibal tribes, who seemed very fierce. Particularly was this the case with the Kiki tribe, who make a practice of preserving their enemies' heads. After this we came to mountain slopes, and after climbing some distance we estimated it at about three thousand feet—we came upon a tribe, the men of which were more fully clad than the ordinary native of the country, while the women were completely clothed in a texture woven from cocoanut fiber."

Mr. Hall added that the completely clad tribe was found about three hundred miles inland from Monrovia. No one in the lowlands knew of their existence.

"HOW TO KEEP HUSBANDS"

No Copyrighted Rules for Their Retention—Matter of Feeding Important Feature of Work.

"How to keep husbands" is coming to be a more important subject with magazine writers than "How to get husbands." And perhaps it deserves more consideration. The topic is not copyrighted. Nearly everybody is taking a hand in the discussion. It's our turn.

Ninety-nine times out of 100 a husband can be kept by feeding him. When he comes home tired, feed him; when he finds fault with things, feed him; when he complains about business or the weather, feed him; when he has the blues about the hopes of the home team, feed him; when he laments the poor quality of the last set of tires, feed him; when he's cross, feed him; when he's angry, feed him; when he's sick, feed him; always feed him.

No husband who waddles or stalks into his home of evenings, tired, worried, disgusted, half angry, out of sorts, can remain so after he has filled up on a juicy steak and warm pumpkin pie. No husband will object to the pranks of the children that have torn his magazine, or lost the sporting section of the evening paper, when he has had a good supper. No husband will go to his work with the blues if he has had the right kind of breakfast.

When great deeds are to be done the well-fed man must be depended upon to do them; when great ideas are to be thought out, men with satisfied stomachs are the ones to think them; when skill is demanded, when strength is required, when intelligence is needed, it is the well-fed man who come forward to fill the demands.

On the eve of a great battle either for his country or for his personal welfare, the conqueror is the man who eats good food and then marches forth to victory. Depend upon it, feeding the men of the world is as much a social as an economic problem, and the women upon whom it devolves to feed their husbands, by doing it not only keep their husbands, but keep the world moving.

Base Ball Story.

Here is a little story told recently by Christy Mathewson and it may cast a side light on some inside baseball that will be interesting to the fans: "One of the most serious things that can happen in a game of ball," said the mighty twirler, "is for the pitcher to double cross his catcher. It was not so very long ago that I did this. I'm 'Chief' Meyers. In fact, I have been guilty of this breach of baseball etiquette on several occasions, but always unwittingly. Now here's the reason for my lapses: Meyers is naturally dark and when he becomes tanned his skin is unusually so. When he puts his hand against his glove to give the signal for the kind of a pitch he wants, it is hard to tell whether he has one or two fingers extended. One finger might be the signal for a curve and two for a fast one. After giving a signal, the catcher, naturally, is looking for what he called, and if the twirler throws something else, the backstop might easily be injured. This is the first time in my long career that the color of a catcher's hand played such an important part in baseball games. Every fan knows that the face of a backstop's glove becomes a dark brown, and when, in addition, the catcher's hand is tanned to an unusual degree, it is some job for the pitcher to tell the difference between one and two fingers."—Leslie's.

Modern Ethics.

Rev. Dr. Madison Peters, who for several years has been working to reduce the cost of living and who has frequently sold vegetables in the streets of New York for this cause, said in a recent address to a New York housewives' league:

"I will tell you how to buy fifteen-dollar hats for \$3, four-hundred-dollar pianos for \$100, fifteen-cent beans for three cents—eliminate the middleman. I believe, after careful investigation, that the cost of living in the United States is lower than in any other country at the point of production. The consumer should therefore buy at the point of production.

"And by buying thus we would greatly benefit the producer, who is now treated none too well by the middleman. His honest industry is not rewarded as it should be.

"We are too apt to belittle honest industry. We are like the young immigrant at the East Side mission. This lad's teacher one day put the following question to him:

"There were two rich men, one of whom made his fortune by honest industry, while the other made his by fraud. Now, which of these men would you prefer to be?"

"Which made the most?" the boy asked, sharply.

Pendulum Steadies Aeroplanes.

"An automatic means for steadying aeroplanes can be considered as discovered," said M. Quinton, president of the French National Aerial league, at a banquet given to President Poincare.

"The apparatus is that of an aviator who has flown with a passenger for thirty-five minutes, controlling his apparatus with only the levers for rising and descending. On that day the wind attained seven meters (twenty-three feet) per second. The principle of the device is that of a pendulum. The machine is a monoplane in type. The engine, gasoline tank and wings form a compact mass, while the seats for pilot and passenger, hanging beneath act as a pendulum."

In Bohemia.

"I fear I shall have to let you go and employ a brunette model," said the artist.

"I hoped," responded the model, "that I was giving satisfaction."

"You are. But you are a blonde, and I am all out of yellow paint."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Starting Trouble.

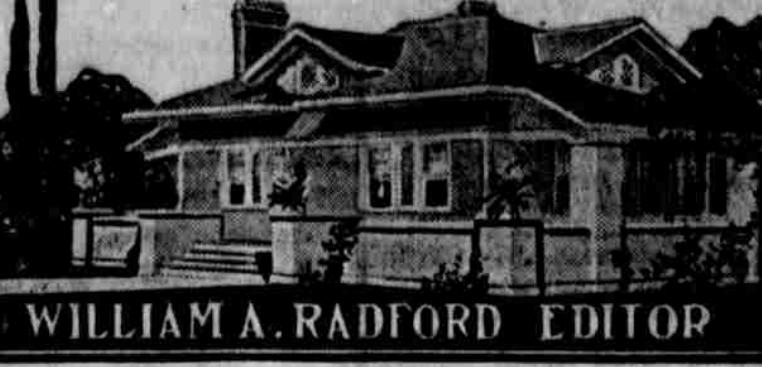
The Wife—I think those biscuits I've made are very nice.

The Husband—Yes, dear.

"What is your opinion?"

"I don't think my opinion would give the matter any additional weight."

THE AMERICAN HOME



WILLIAM A. RADFORD EDITOR

Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building, for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 125 West Jackson boulevard, Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

Although we deplore the steadily advancing prices of building material and labor we are often reminded of the truth of the old adage that there is no great loss without some gain. In endeavoring to present houses that all could afford, even at present prices, we have learned to economize in ways that otherwise would not have been thought of. Particularly is this true in regard to space that heretofore has been wasted in angles and irregularly shaped rooms. We are learning that by making the rooms compact we can accomplish as much in a moderately proportioned house as we previously did in houses much larger. We gain much by throwing the small rooms together with wide openings, thus getting the effect of large, airy apartments.

In these days of flats and apartment houses small families are not accustomed to living in a great big house with a parlor and sitting room



and one or two chambers. Consequently the story and a half cottage is becoming very popular, and the bungalow even more so, having all its rooms on one floor. One large livable room is a splendid substitute for the parlor and sitting room. The small kitchen is very popular among the modern housewives, especially among those who are accustomed to the small kitchenette of the flat. The small house diminishes the fuel bill and is much more easy to care for. Many home builders are of the opinion that country is a waste of space. The cupboards can be much more conveniently arranged about the kitchen where they are in easy reach.

There is an independence about owning one's home that is not felt when a rented flat is occupied. And there is a pleasure about caring for the lawn and garden, keeping the place in order, that one who pays rent does not have. Every time you go out into the yard your chest expands just a little as you contemplate the fact that you are treading your own ground. There is nobody overhead making a noise and nobody in the

less expensive as to upkeep, for it will require no paint, although costing at the outset a little more than siding. The ultimate cost will be much less and besides the appearance will be better.

Another attractive feature of this house is the bracket effect produced under the eaves. It makes a finish to the design.

Now as to the interior. That is the part the women folks are interested in. You go into the house into a wide hall that extends well back, ending in the staircase that leads to the floor above. On either side are the sitting, or living room, and the dining room. In front of the windows of each of these rooms is a seat. The dining room has a cheerful fireplace and past this you go into the pantry, and thence into the kitchen. The kitchen is of ample size and well arranged.

A wide hall, two chambers and a bathroom are provided on the second floor. A balcony over the front porch is provided either for comet gazing or for a breath of air on a hot summer night.

WANTS NO WOMEN TRADERS

Wall Street Broker Had One Experience, and He Vows Never to Have Another.

"Women traders!" exclaimed a prominent broker, throwing his hands above his head. "Never again. And I'll tell you why."

"He walked over to the ticker and glanced at the tape a moment and then resumed:

"About five years ago a lady friend of mine came down to the office and wanted to buy some stock.

"I want something that is a good investment," she told me, 'a stock that pays a seven per cent dividend and one that will always pay it.'"

"Well, I told her I thought so-and-so was a good buy, and that I thought it would always be able to pay its seven per cent. The market was 102 and she bought 100 shares, giving me her check for \$10,200. She went away and in a week or so the stock rose to about 125.

"A few days later she came to the office, but she had had one of those healthy reactions and her stock was selling for 95.

"I think I'll sell my stock," she said. 'I don't like the looks of this market.'"

"I sold it for her and had the cashier make out a check for \$9,500. When I handed it to her she nearly fainted.

"Why, I gave you my check for \$10,200 and you are only giving me back \$9,500," she cried.

"I explained to her that she had sold it after it had declined.

"But you told me I was buying a stock that would never go down," she insisted.

"Try as I would I could not make her understand I had told her the stock would always pay its seven per cent dividend and to save any further complication I had another check made out for \$10,200. But since then we have never allowed a woman to trade in our office."—Wall Street Journal.

AND THE "BLUES" WENT AWAY

Showing How Easy It is to Scatter Sunshine if One Has It in the Heart.

I was going off toward one day in a very overcrowded trolley car. It was pouring outside and my gloves clung damply to my fingers. A stray wisp of hair was tickling my nose and my hands were too full of dripping umbrellas and awning strap to brush it away. I could feel that my forehead was wrinkled up, and my mouth drawn down. I thought of all the unpleasant things that had ever happened to me, and, glaring at the unrepentant sky, I wondered why it had to rain so hard. Then, looking along the car, I saw another girl hanging to a strap. She was ever so much wetter than I. The dampness oozed out of a crack in her worn shoe; the bare hands that gripped her umbrella and strap looked cramped and tired, and two straggly locks of hair tickled her rather small, inoffensive nose. But as I looked at her and pitied her, she glanced up and caught my eye, and she smiled at me! Then, somehow, the raindrops looked very bright and jewel-like, and the gray of the sky seemed warmer and more friendly. I forgot that my feet were wet, and I smiled back. All that day, through the work and hurry of the hours, I carried a sunbeam hiding my heart.—Margaret E. Sangster, Jr., in the Christian Herald.

New Brooms.

Representative Dillon said in Yankton apropos to an administrative municipal change, of which he did not approve: "They declare that a new broom sweeps clean, but some of these new brooms that seem to sweep clean are in reality only throwing dust in our eyes."

A Practical Wife.

"Wife, this is our wedding anniversary."

"So it is."

"As a matter of sentiment I shall bring home a bunch of flowers to-night."

"Never mind the sentiment, Henry. Bring home some Limburger cheese."

And many a good husband hasn't the nerve to be otherwise.

Zero in Various Lines of Endeavor.

"My notion of nothing to be when you have become one," grimly remarks the Old Coder, "is a golf champion. My idea of nothing to believe is a railroad official's explanation of the cause of a wreck; of nothing to listen to is a reminiscence of the hard winter of eighteen hundred and something; of nobody to hold a reception for is Mrs. Pankhurst, and of nothing to write pieces to the Speaking the Public Mind department about is why there is no gas, why there are so many holes in the pavements, why all the foolishness about the Metropolitan franchise, and so on and so forth, as long as Kansas City is without commission government."—Kansas City Star.

Nouveau Rhaps.

"What are they—millionaires? My, but don't they put on?"

"They certainly do. Million aires a week."—St. Louis Republic.

Many a timid girl courts death by making love to a rich old coder who has one foot already in the grave.

The young man who shows up with an engagement ring is apt to get the glad hand.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. A bottle 15c.

Few folks look in mirrors to see if their morals are on straight.

Bronchial troubles weaken the system. Pneumonia sometimes follows. Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops prevent trouble.

Some men never weary of talking about the things they used to do.

Foley Kidney Pills Relieve

promptly the suffering due to weak, inactive kidneys and painful bladder action. They offer a powerful help to nature in building up the true excreting kidney tissue, in restoring normal action and in regulating bladder irregularities. Try them.

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If W. L. Douglas shoes are not for sale in your vicinity, send for the catalog, showing styles and prices, by mail, or write to W. L. Douglas, 285 Broadway, New York, N.Y., and you will receive a copy of the catalog free of charge.
W. L. Douglas shoes are made in the U.S.A. and are guaranteed to fit better, look better, hold their shape and wear longer than any other make for the price.

BOY WANTED to look up signs in your neighborhood. Send me your list of signs. I will pay you \$1.00 for each sign found. Address: W. N. U., Sioux City, Mo. 43-1919.

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